GOLD KEY

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

ROD SERLING

15c

10016-006
JUNE

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

A HUNTER MAKES HIS
FIRST KILL AND PAYS DEARLY
FOR THE REWARD HE EXPECTS!

THE TWILIGHT ZONE — THE BOUNTY HUNTERS

A YEAR OF DROUGHT IN THE MAGOLIESBERG DISTRICT IN SOUTH AFRICA HAS DRIVEN THOUSANDS OF HUNGRY CHACMA BABOONS DOWN FROM THE HILLS TO MAKE NIGHTLY RAIDS ON THE FARMS IN THE FOOTHILLS... TO PUT A STOP TO THIS THE TRANSVAAL GOVERNMENT HAS OFFERED A BOUNTY OF TEN SHILLINGS A TAIL FOR THE MARAUDING BABOONS...

BROTHERS JIM AND ERIC PETERS ANSWER THE CALL. BOTH ARE EXPERIENCED HUNTERS, BUT ONLY JIM, THE OLDER, HAS HUNTED BABOONS BEFORE...

THE BABOON IS ONE OF THE HARDEST OF ALL ANIMALS TO HUNT, ERIC—AS YOU'LL FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF...

...HE'S CUNNING, HAS *PHENOMENAL EYESIGHT*... AND POUND FOR POUND HE'S ONE OF THE MOST VICIOUS FIGHTERS! TWO OR THREE OF THEM CAN TEAR A LEOPARD TO RIBBONS!

YOU DON'T EXPECT WE'LL HAVE TO DO ANY HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING WITH THEM, DO YOU, JIM?

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NOT YOU, ERIC! AS A BEGINNER, YOU'LL BE LUCKY TO GET WITHIN A THOUSAND YARDS OF ONE!

A THOUSAND YARDS! THAT'S WAY OUT OF RANGE OF EVEN THESE 303'S, JIM! SOUNDS DISCOURAGING!

NO...YOU'LL AT LEAST CHASE THEM TOWARD ME...

QUICK, ERIC, LOOK!

A COUPLE OF DOZEN IN THAT TROOP...

I GUESS THEY SAW US FIRST, JIM!

THEY NEARLY ALWAYS DO!

BUT THEY WON'T GO FAR...WE'LL PITCH CAMP HERE, AND START STALKING THEM...

A WHILE LATER

GO HALF WAY 'ROUND THE HILL AND START CLIMBING...SLOWLY ...AND USE YOUR BINOCULARS NEARLY EVERY FOOT OF THE WAY...I'LL GO THE OTHER WAY...

GOOD LUCK, JIM!

ERIC FOLLOWS INSTRUCTIONS...

I GUESS THIS IS ABOUT HALFWAY ROUND...

NOT A BABOON IN SIGHT! I'LL START CLIMBING!

AFTER AN HOUR OF SLOW, ARDUOUS CLIMBING...

STILL NO SIGN - WAIT! THERE'S ONE - IN THAT LOW TREE!

HE MUST BE ONE OF THE SENTRIES JIM TOLD ME ABOUT!

SLOWLY, PATIENTLY, ERIC CRAWLS UP THE SLOPE, MAKING USE OF EVERY SMALL BIT OF COVER...

IF I CAN GET TO WITHIN FIVE HUNDRED YARDS OF HIM, I'LL RISK A SHOT!

TILL FINALLY...

JIM WOULDN'T BELIEVE THIS! I'M WELL UNDER FOUR HUNDRED YARDS OF THAT BABOON!

EITHER I'M A BETTER HUNTER THAN EITHER JIM OR I THOUGHT, OR THAT BABOON HAS DEFECTIVE EYESIGHT!

ERIC FIGURES HIS DISTANCE, TAKES CAREFUL AIM, AND...

BAM!

I THINK I GOT HIM!

JIM *HAS* TO BELIEVE IT NOW! I'LL HAVE A TAIL TO PROVE IT!

FOR A FEW MINUTES, ERIC RESTS, MUSING HAPPILY ABOUT HIS BROTHER'S ASTONISHMENT...

I CAN JUST SEE THE EXPRESSION ON JIM'S FACE WHEN HE SEES I'VE *BAGGED A BABOON!*

SUDDENLY A FAINT SOUND ALERTS HIM...

FROZEN WITH FEAR, ERIC SLOWLY LOOKS AROUND AT THE HUGE, ANGRY, FIGHTING BABOONS ENCIRCLING HIM...

I-I'M TRAPPED...

COMMON SENSE TELLS HIM NOT TO REACH FOR HIS GUN...

I WOULDN'T GET OFF MORE THAN ONE SHOT BEFORE THEY'D BE ON TOP OF ME...

THE FURIOUS BEASTS, EDGING CLOSER AND CLOSER, SEEM ABOUT TO ATTACK...SUDDENLY A GRIZZLED OLD MALE BARKS SHARPLY...

WUH! WUH!

TO ERIC'S SURPRISE, THE BABOONS IMMEDIATELY CALM DOWN AND MOVE BACK A FEW FEET! THE GRIZZLED OLD ONE REMAINS WHERE HE WAS, STARING FIXEDLY AT ERIC...

HE MUST BE THE *LEADER*...JIM SAID THEY ALWAYS HAVE A LEADER...

WHY DID HE *STOP* THE OTHERS FROM ATTACKING ME?

ERIC STARES BACK INTO THE OLD BABOON'S TINY EYES, MERE PINPOINTS OF YELLOW. SLOWLY THEY BEGIN TO BURN INTO ERIC'S EYES WITH THE INTENSITY OF LIGHT CONCENTRATED THROUGH TWIN MAGNIFYING GLASSES

ERIC TRIES TO TEAR HIS EYES AWAY, BUT FINDS IT IMPOSSIBLE...HE TRIES TO CLOSE THEM...HE CAN'T...THE BURNING PAIN IN HIS HEAD BEGINS TO SPREAD TO HIS BODY...HE FEELS HE'S GOING TO FAINT

SUDDENLY THERE'S A WARNING BARK FROM A SENTRY ON A NEARBY ROCK, AND AS SILENTLY AS THEY CAME, THE TROOP MELTS INTO THE SURROUNDING LANDSCAPE...

O-O-OH...THE BURNING PAIN... IS BEGINNING TO LEAVE ME...

HEY—MY FACE! MY BODY!

I'M A BABOON—

SHRIEK!

JIM! I'VE GOT TO FIND JIM! HE'LL TELL ME EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT! HE'LL TELL ME IT'S ONLY MY IMAGINATION!

CRACK!

JIM!

JIM! DON'T SHOOT! IT'S ME-ERIC!

SHRIEK! WUH, WUH, WUH! SHRIEK! SHRIEK!

COMING RIGHT FOR ME! YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT THE CRAZY BRUTES WILL DO...AS I'VE OFTEN TOLD ERIC...

GOT HIM!

HE'S STILL COMING! I NEVER SAW ONE ACT *THIS* WAY BEFORE! ALMOST AS IF HE WANTS TO TELL ME SOMETHING!

MY SHOULDER... JIM, YOU'VE GOT TO RECOGNIZE ME — YOUR OWN BROTHER!

WHAT'S THE *MATTER* WITH ME? IT'S JUST A BABOON – AND HE'S WORTH TEN SHILLINGS!

BANG!

I'M SURE I HIT HIM AGAIN! HE ROLLED OFF THIS LEDGE DOWN INTO THE BUSHES!

AND I THOUGHT I KNEW ALL ABOUT BABOONS! A GOOD THING ERIC DIDN'T RUN INTO THIS FELLOW!

AFTER ALL I'VE TOLD HIM ABOUT HOW HARD IT IS TO GET CLOSE TO BABOONS, HE'D ***NEVER*** BELIEVE ANOTHER WORD OF MINE!

THOSE BINOCULARS,,,THEY'RE ***ERIC'S!*** HOW DID THAT BABOON GET THEM?

ERIC WOULD NEVER HAVE TAKEN THEM OFF! THE BABOON WOULD HAVE HAD TO *TAKE* THEM *FROM* HIM...

...OR HIS BODY!

AND FOR DAYS, JIM PETERS SEARCHES FOR HIS BROTHER...ALL IN VAIN!

ERIC! ERIC!

IF HE'S STILL ALIVE, I CERTAINLY WOULD HAVE FOUND HIM BY NOW! AND IF HE ISN'T...

...I STILL HAVEN'T FOUND A TRACE OF HIM! HE JUST *DISAPPEARED!*

AND SO JIM COMES TO A GRIM DECISION...

I KNOW THIS HAS BEEN A ROUGH SHOW FOR YOU, PETERS, BUT ARE YOU SURE YOU WON'T CHANGE YOUR MIND?

NO, COMMISSIONER, I'LL *NEVER* BE ABLE TO HUNT AGAIN—*NOT EVER!*

THAT LAST BABOON I SHOT... IT'S INSANE, BUT HE WAS TRYING TO *TELL* ME SOMETHING ABOUT ERIC!

PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, OLD CHAP! YOUR IMAGINATION IS RUNNING AWAY WITH YOU! I'LL ADMIT IT'S MYSTERIOUS NOT FINDING YOUR BROTHER OR ANY SIGN OF HIM, BUT AFTER ALL...

THERE'S REALLY NO MYSTERY ABOUT IT AT ALL, JIM PETERS!.. YOU JUST LOOKED IN THE WRONG PLACE! TO FIND YOUR BROTHER, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEARCHED IN *THE TWILIGHT ZONE!*

CALLING THE TWILIGHT ZONE

FOR UNTOLD CENTURIES ANCIENT LEGENDS HAVE TOLD US THAT MAN IS DESCENDED FROM SUPERIOR BEINGS WHO DESCENDED TO EARTH. COULD OUR ANCESTORS HAVE COME FROM SOME OTHER PLANET?

SCIENTISTS ESTIMATE THERE ARE 100,000,000 WORLDS WHIRLING IN SPACE, WHERE HIGHER LIFE HAS BEEN SHAPED BY THE FORCE OF EVOLUTION... BEINGS FAR MORE ADVANCED THAN MAN.

ANTHROPOLOGISTS BELIEVE THAT ONLY AN ACCIDENT OF EVOLUTION MADE MAN A FOUR-LIMBED CREATURE. ON OTHER WORLDS INTELLIGENT BEINGS MAY HAVE SIX OR MORE LIMBS LIKE OUR LEGENDARY CENTAUR.

CERTAIN THAT SUCH INTELLIGENT BEINGS EXIST SOMEWHERE IN THE VASTNESS OF SPACE, ASTRONOMERS LISTEN NIGHTLY ON HUGE RADIO-TELESCOPES, HOPING TO CATCH SOME MESSAGE FROM THE STARS.

MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE
UNKNOWN WORLD SEN
TO EARTH
TRY TO IMAGINE THAT STARTLING DAY WHEN THE FIRST MESSAGE FROM ANOTHER WORLD COMES THROUGH! THAT DAY MAY BE A LOT CLOSER THAN ANY OF US DARE TO DREAM.

The Bookworm

WEALTHY HORACE TWITTLY, ESQUIRE WAS WELL KNOWN TO 18TH CENTURY LONDON BOOKSELLERS AS AN AVID COLLECTOR OF BOOKS ON THE BLACK ARTS AND THE OCCULT.. UNDERSTANDABLY, HE WAS ALSO KNOWN TO BE AN EXTREMELY SUPERSTITIOUS MAN

HELLO? A BOOKSHOP I HAVEN'T BEEN INTO!

CHEAPWICK COURT BOOKSHOP

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HORACE WAS ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR RARE VOLUMES ON THE SUBJECTS THAT OBSESSED HIM...

CHEAPWICK COURT BOOKSHOP

IT'S IN OUT-OF-THE-WAY SHOPS LIKE *THESE* THAT FINDS ARE MADE!

MISERABLE HOLE! LOOKS MORE LIKE A COAL CELLAR!

CHEAPWICK COURT BOOKSHOP

YES, SIR ...MAY I *HELP* YOU?

I DOUBT IT SINCE BOTH YOU AND YOUR SHOP LOOK SO MUCH BEYOND HELP!

HORACE CONDESCENDS TO VISIT THE BACK OF THE SHOP...

SORRY ABOUT THE COBWEBS, SIR...NO ONE HAS BEEN BACK *THERE* IN *YEARS!*

SO MUCH THE BETTER!

OH!

A FIRST EDITION OF BOTTLE'S "AUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHY OF BEELZEBUB" --A BOOK I'VE BEEN HUNTING FOR YEARS!

WHAT'S *THIS?* AN ANCIENT SHEET OF PARCHMENT INSIDE THE COVER! I CAN BARELY READ THE FADED HANDWRITING!

"HORACE TWITTLY, ESQUIRE... SHORTLY AFTER LEAVING THIS SHOP, YOU WILL DIE A VIOLENT DEATH..."

"...THERE IS ONE BOOK ON THESE PREMISES, THE READING OF WHICH SHOULD FREE YOU FROM THIS FATE! FIND IT, HORACE, AND LIVE TO A RIPE, HAPPY OLD AGE..."

HORACE LOST HIS HEAD COMPLETELY...

I MUST FIND THAT BOOK! I *MUST!*

SIR! WHAT *ARE* YOU DOING?

I DEMAND THAT YOU LEAVE MY SHOP *IMMEDIATELY,* SIR!

NO! I *CAN'T.* LEAVE! I *CAN'T!*

THE PROBLEM WAS RESOLVED WHEN HORACE BOUGHT THE SHOP FOR THE EXORBITANT SUM OF A THOUSAND POUNDS...

HERE'S YOUR BILL OF SALE!

THE FIRST THING THE NEW OWNER DID WAS PUT A SIGN ON THE DOOR...

CLOSED

THAT WILL KEEP PEOPLE AWAY!

NEXT HE HIRED A MUTE DWARF, WHO LIVED IN A CODFISH CRATE IN THE COURTYARD, TO BRING HIM FOOD REGULARLY, DELIVER MESSAGES TO HIS SOLICITORS, ETC. ...

YOUR SALARY WILL BE TWO SHILLINGS A MONTH WHICH, I TRUST, WILL **NOT** BE SQUANDERED ON FOOLISH FRIPPERIES AND RIOTOUS LIVING!

THEN HORACE SETTLED DOWN TO READ...

I'M SURE I'LL SOON FIND THE RIGHT BOOK-- I *MUST*!

FIVE YEARS LATER, HORACE FINISHED THE LAST BOOK ON THE SHELVES...

I MUST HAVE MISSED THE MESSAGE SOMEHOW! I'LL HAVE TO START ALL **OVER** AGAIN!

FILLED WITH DESPAIR, HORACE IDLY REACHED FOR A BOOK THAT HAD LAIN UNTOUCHED ON THE TOP OF THE DESK FOR YEARS...

IT WAS THE FORMER OWNER'S ACCOUNT BOOK! HORACE TURNED ONE PAGE AFTER ANOTHER WEARILY UNTIL HE REACHED THE END...

TWO SALES THE WHOLE YEAR... A TUPPENCE PAMPHLET AND A FARTHING MAGAZINE!

SUDDENLY IT DAWNED ON HORACE THIS WAS THE BOOK HE HAD BEEN LOOKING FOR...

I WAS DUPED BY THAT CRAFTY OLD MAN INTO BUYING A WORTHLESS BUSINESS THAT COULDN'T EVEN BE *GIVEN* AWAY!

HE KNEW OF ME! HE KNEW THAT SOONER OR LATER I'D VISIT HIS SHOP AND HE WAS *READY* FOR ME WITH THAT FAKE NOTE!

BUT I DON'T CARE! I'M *FREE!*

I'M *FREE!* I'M *FREE!* I'M *FREE!* DIDDLY, DIDDLY, ♫ ♫ DOODLYDEE ♪

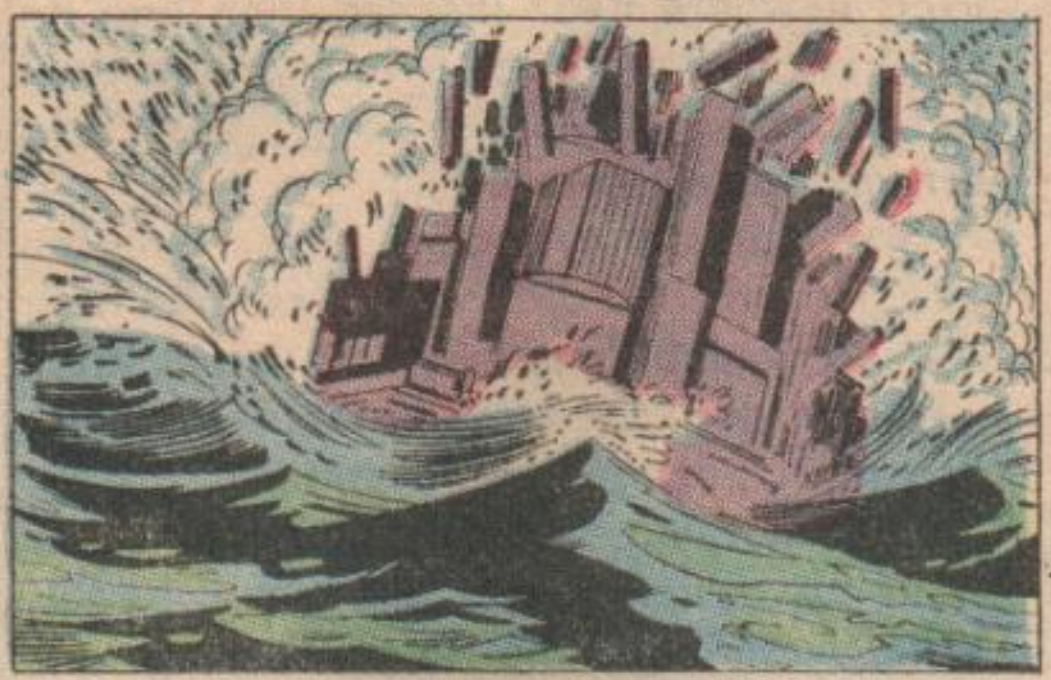
STOP, SIR! STOP!

THAT'S A DANGEROUS CROSSING! MAN WAS KILLED THERE ONLY *FIVE YEARS AGO!*

ODD... *HE* CAME OUT SKIPPING HAPPILY JUST LIKE *YOU*.. SHOUTING *"I'M FREE! I'M FREE!"* SKIPPED RIGHT IN FRONT OF A GALLOPING COACH AND FOUR, HE DID... OLD *BOOKSELLER*, THEY SAID HE WAS!

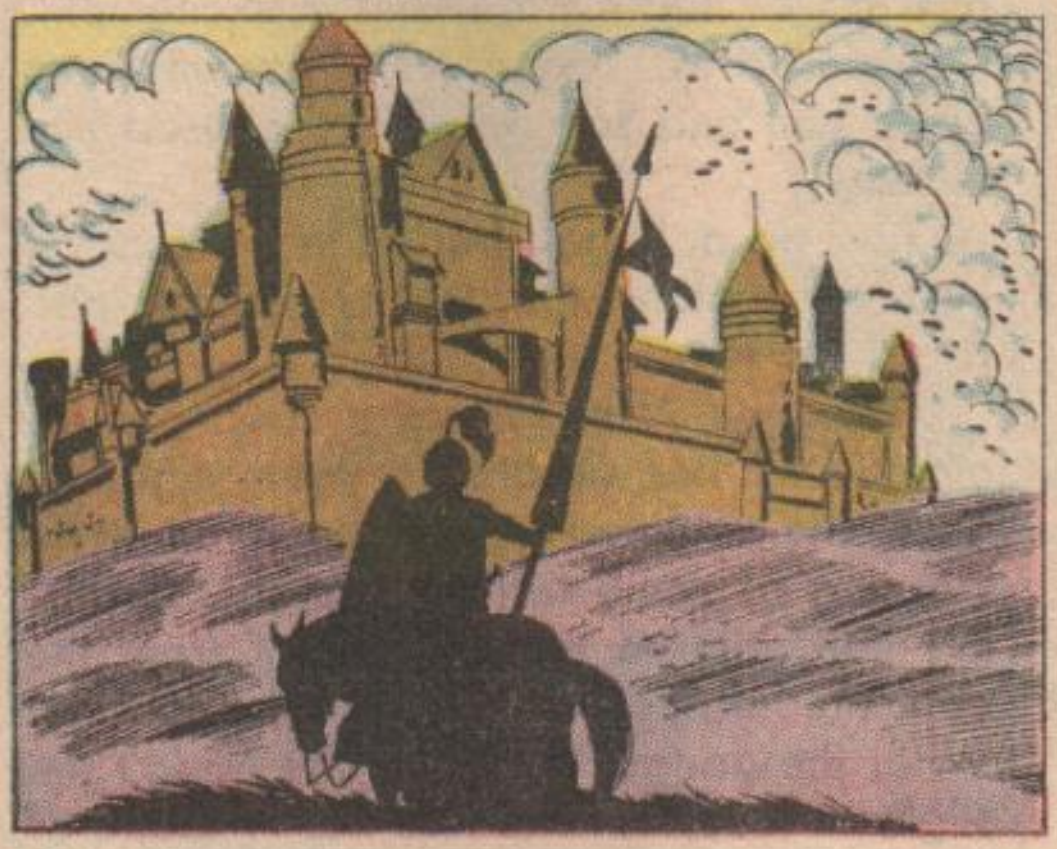
LOST IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE

MAN'S MOST ANCIENT LEGENDS TELL OF 'LOST CITIES,' OF LANDS THAT VANISHED WITHOUT TRACE. THE MIGHTY CONTINENT OF ATLANTIS WAS SAID TO HAVE SUNK BENEATH THE SEA.



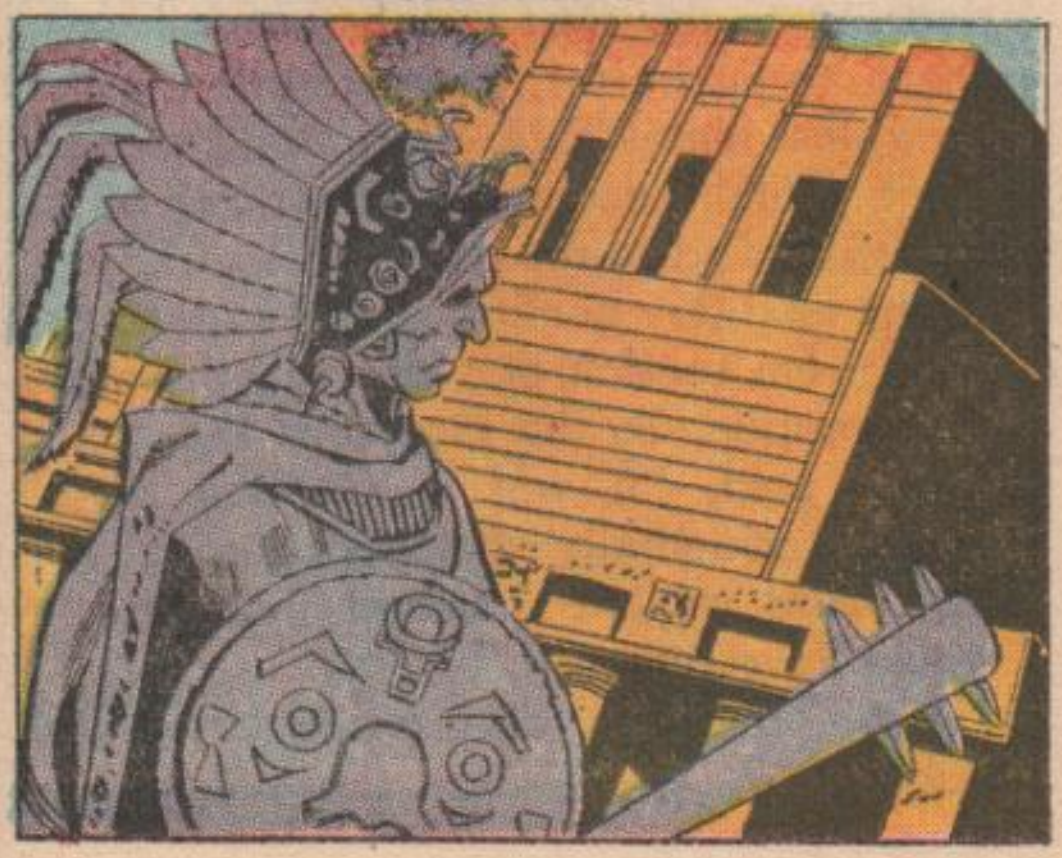
SODOM AND GOMORRAH WERE TWIN CITIES OF BIBLICAL DAYS, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN MYSTERIOUSLY DESTROYED BECAUSE OF THEIR EVIL WAYS.

ENGLISH MINSTRELS SANG OF AVALON, A LEGENDARY ISLAND, WHERE KNIGHTLY HEROES DWELLED AFTER DEATH, AWAITING THE DAY THEY WOULD BE CALLED BACK TO THE WORLD OF THE LIVING...



THE BRETON CITY OF YS WAS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN SWALLOWED BY THE SEA. SOME SAY THAT ON A QUIET NIGHT ONE CAN HEAR THE BELLS OF THE CITY RINGING BENEATH THE WAVES.

EARLY EUROPEAN EXPLORERS SEARCHED FOR A MYTHICAL GOLDEN CITY CALLED CIBOLA. SOME BELIEVED IT WAS AN ISLAND, WITH SEVEN CITIES ALL MADE OF SOLID GOLD.



MODERN MAN HAS UNCOVERED LOST CIVILIZATIONS IN REMOTE CORNERS OF THE EARTH, PREHISTORIC CITIES FORGOTTEN FOR UNTOLD CENTURIES. PERHAPS ONE OF THEM MAY PROVE TO BE MYTHICAL CIBOLA.

The KILLER DOLL

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Psychiatrists tell us that our dreams often reveal the hidden mysteries buried deep within the subconscious. But there are many who believe that dreams have an even stranger role in our lives—that of foretelling events of the future.

On a night in the 1950's, a Mrs. Grayson, of England, dreamed that she was strolling along the beach with her two children and a dog while on a holiday. The details of the dream were exact. The beach was on the east coast of England, where the Graysons had rented a cottage.

There was nothing startling about this dream except that the dog sniffed at something in the sand and began to bark excitedly. In her dream Mrs. Grayson hurried to investigate what the dog had found. Then she laughed. It was only a toy doll with wavy hair, wearing a crimson dress and soiled white shoes.

In her dream Mrs. Grayson bent to pick up the doll, but to her amazement the arms fell off. Then the legs dropped away. In the next instant she heard a violent explosion.

It was the sound of the blast that awoke her from her dream. Mrs. Grayson felt a surge of unreasoned fear. But she tried to calm herself. Some people might have called the dream a warning. But that made no sense to Mrs. Grayson. After all, she lived nowhere near the sea. She had no children, and she had never owned a dog! Yet, it took her months before she could forget that nightmare!

Six years later, though, Mrs. Grayson and her husband did live in a cottage near the sea. By that time they had two children —and a dog. But by then Mrs. Grayson's dream was completely forgotten.

One morning she and her two children went for a walk along the gravel beach. With them was the dog, barking and bounding ahead to explore the tide-washed sand. Suddenly the dog nosed at something partly buried in the sand. Whatever it was had him barking in excitement. He refused to go on. Mrs. Grayson came up to him and saw what had caused him to bark.

It was a doll, half buried in the sand. It had wavy blond hair, white sandals and a red dress.

And then Mrs. Grayson suddenly remembered her dream of years ago. At once she realized it had been an eerie warning of some terrible danger. Ordering her children to keep away from the doll, she hurried them back to the cottage. What the danger might be she hadn't the slightest idea, but she told her husband of her dream and about the doll she had just found.

His curiosity aroused, Mr. Grayson hurried out to the spot where the doll was. There, to his horror, he saw buried in the sand the metal fuse of an unexploded bomb! Within seconds he was racing off to report his find to the authorities.

The next day bomb-disposal experts arrived from London and defused the massive weapon. To the Graysons the bomb expert said, "It was a German aerial bomb accidentally dropped during the war. Had anyone touched that fuse it would have gone off."

Mrs. Grayson's dream had prevented tragedy!

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

MANOLETE'S LAST FIGHT

JUAN ROMERO, AGE 14, LIKE ALMOST ALL SPANISH BOYS DREAMS SOMEDAY OF BECOMING A GREAT MATADOR! HIS HERO IS THE NATIONAL IDOL, **EL CORDOBES,** CONSIDERED BY MANY AFICIONADOS THE GREATEST BULL FIGHTER OF MODERN TIMES... JUAN'S FATHER IS NOT ONE OF EL CORDOBES' ADMIRERS...

EL CORDOBES!

EL CORDOBES!

MY SON, IF YOU HAD NOT BEEN SO UNFORTUNATE AS TO HAVE BEEN BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO LATE, YOU WOULD NOT MENTION EL CORDOBES IN THE SAME BREATH WITH **MANOLETE!**

EL CORDOBES

MANOLETE WAS AN ARTIST! HE COULD DO IT **ALL!** AND WITH SUCH **GRACE!** SUCH **STYLE!** PROUD...DISDAINFUL OF THE BULL... AND THE **CROWD...**

TOROS SEGOVIA

MANOLETE

FOR YEARS HE SEEMED INVINCIBLE... **IMMORTAL!**

UNTIL THAT DAY IN THE LINARES BULLRING... TWENTY-TWO YEARS AGO... WHEN A MURDEROUS MIURA BULL KILLED HIM!

THIS IS THE ONLY WAY **YOU'LL** EVER SEE HIM, JUAN... IN THESE PICTURES I CUT OUT OF NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES MANY YEARS AGO...

Y-YES, PAPA...

IT ALWAYS ENDED THE SAME WAY—WITH JUAN LOOKING AT PICTURES OF MANOLETE HE HAD SEEN COUNTLESS TIMES BEFORE...AND HIS FATHER, HIS BACK TURNED, BLOWING HIS NOSE...

HONK!

JUAN LIVES IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF SEVILLE, NOT FAR FROM THE HOT ANDALUSIAN PLAIN WHERE THE BRAVEST OF THE FIGHTING BULLS ARE BRED ON RANCHES...

YOU SEE, CLARA, THE BIG BULLS ARE IN THE OTHER CORRAL—THESE ARE THE CALVES!

ON MOONLIT NIGHTS, JUAN, LIKE OTHER EMBRYO MATADORS LIVING IN THE VICINITY OF A RANCH, PRACTICES AN AGE-OLD CUSTOM...

HURRY, JUAN! I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER COME!

SH, MIGUEL! I HAD TO WAIT 'TIL I WAS SURE MY PARENTS WERE ASLEEP!

AN HOUR AND A HALF LATER, AFTER FAST WALKING, THE BOYS REACH THE RANCH...

CAREFUL, MIGUEL, THOSE BARBS ARE SHARPER THAN THE LITTLE BULLS' HORNS...

SH!

THOUGH AWKWARD-MOVING AND CLUMSY IN THE USE OF THEIR HORNS, BULL CALVES HAVE ALL THE INSTINCTS OF THE FIGHTING BULL, AND WILL ATTACK ANYONE WHO ENTERS THEIR CORRAL...

LOOK, MIGUEL! A BREAST PASS JUST LIKE **EL CORDOBES!**

I'VE GOT A **BRAVE** ONE HERE, JUAN!

AFTER AN HOUR OR SO OF PRACTICING THEIR CAPEWORK, THE TIRED BOYS START THE LONG WALK HOME...

THAT LITTLE BLACK ONE THAT KNOCKED ME DOWN, MIGUEL-THANKS FOR DRAWING HIM AWAY FROM ME...

EVEN **EL CORDOBES** GOT KNOCKED DOWN ONCE IN A WHILE!

ONE NIGHT, AFTER A LONG PERIOD OF MOONLESS NIGHTS, A BRIGHT MOON APPEARS...

MAYBE MIGUEL DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT IT... I'LL CALL ON HIM... ...

MIGUEL! PSST! MIGUEL! **MIGUEL! MIGUEL!**

WHO'S THAT?

MIGUEL'S **MOTHER!**

THAT FINISHES **MIGUEL** FOR TONIGHT!

I'LL GO **ALONE!**

IT'S BEEN SO **LONG!**

I'LL BE CAREFUL... I'LL STAY NEAR THE FENCE...SO THAT IF I GET KNOCKED DOWN ...I CAN QUICKLY CRAWL UNDER THE WIRE...

AS JUAN APPROACHES THE RANCH, A CLOUD BEGINS TO PASS OVER THE MOON, AND IT GETS DARKER AND DARKER!

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT...THE MOON-LIGHT WILL COME OUT AGAIN...

MEANWHILE, I COULD FIND THE LITTLE BULLS' CORRAL WITH MY **EYES CLOSED...**

IT'S BEGINNING TO GET LIGHTER...

HERE'S THE CORRAL..

THE MOON WILL BE SHINING BRIGHTLY IN A FEW MINUTES..

NO LITTLE BULLS IN SIGHT...

THEY'RE PROBABLY AT THE FAR END OF THE CORRAL-HIDDEN BY THE DARKNESS!

SLOWLY, A FEW STEPS AT A TIME, JUAN ADVANCES DEEPER INTO THE FIELD...

TORO!

LITTLE TORO!

TORO!

JUAN KEEPS WALKING UNTIL... HE SUDDENLY REALIZES SOMETHING IS WRONG...

THE LITTLE BULL CORRAL WAS NOWHERE NEAR AS BIG AS **THIS!**

I GUESS I MADE A **MISTAKE!**

GLANCING NERVOUSLY INTO THE DARKNESS BEHIND HIM, JUAN STARTS BACK TO THE FAR-DISTANT FENCE...

I'M LUCKY...

THIS CORRAL SEEMS TO BE EMPTY!!

SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE GLOOM, THE MASSIVE BULK OF A FULL-GROWN, FIGHTING BULL APPEARS... ...WALKING SLOWLY TOWARD HIM...

OH!

THE BULL LOWERS HIS HEAD AND CHARGES!

I HAVEN'T A CHANCE TO GET TO THE FENCE!!

THE HYSTERICAL BOY HOLDS HIS TATTERED CLOTH IN FRONT OF HIM AS THOUGH TO SHIELD HIMSELF FROM THE BULL...

DESPERATELY, HE LEAPS ASIDE AT THE LAST MOMENT!

HE'S COMING BACK! THERE IS NO ESCAPE FOR ME!

JUAN ROLLS OVER, COVERS HIS HEAD AND PRAYS AS HARD AND FAST AS HE CAN...

THE HOOFBEATS COME CLOSER AND CLOSER... JUAN WAITS FOR THE TERRIBLE DEATH-DEALING THRUST OF A HORN... .

BUT THE HOOFBEATS POUND ON **PAST** HIM! SLOWLY HE RAISES HIS HEAD... HE CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT HE SEES!

A MATADOR? A **MATADOR?**

THE BULL CHARGES... TURNS... AND CHARGES AGAIN!

AND AGAIN... AND AGAIN... ALL THE WHILE, THE SILENT, EXPRESSIONLESS MATADOR REMAINS ROOTED TO ONE SPOT...

FINALLY, THE FRUSTRATED BEAST PAUSES...HE SEEMS TO WONDER WHY HE KEEPS HOOKING EMPTY AIR! THE MATADOR LOOKS OFF IN THE DISTANCE...

SLOWLY THE BULL WALKS TOWARD HIM...

JUAN IS NOW FRIGHTENED FOR THE **MATADOR..!**

THE **BULL!** THE **BULL!** **WATCH HIM!**

BUT THE STATUE-LIKE MATADOR SEEMS TOTALLY UNCONCERNED...

SUDDENLY THE BULL LUNGES, HOOKING VICIOUSLY!

LOOK OUT!

A MOMENT LATER, MAN AND BEAST SEEM TO HAVE BECOME ONE, AS THE SLOWLY PIVOTING MATADOR, STILL STANDING IN THE SAME SPOT, COILS THE BULL AROUND HIM WITH THE SWIRLING CAPE....

WHY, HE LOOKS JUST LIKE THE MATADOR IN PAPA'S CLIPPINGS!

THE PUZZLED BULL STOPS AGAIN TO STUDY HIS ADVERSARY... THE MATADOR TURNS HIS BACK TO HIM AND WALKS AWAY...

SURE OF HIS PREY, THE BULL CHARGES LIKE AN EXPRESS TRAIN—BUT, AGAIN HIS HORN FINDS NOTHING MORE SUBSTANTIAL THAN THE CAPE... ...

THIS IS REPEATED A FEW MORE TIMES, UNTIL THE BULL AND MATADOR ARE FAR FROM THE BOY...

HE-HE'S DRAWN THE BULL AWAY, SO THAT I CAN LEAVE SAFELY!

IT **COULDN'T** BE! IT **COULDN'T** BE! **MANOLETE** IS **DEAD!** **EVERYBODY** KNOWS THAT!

BUT HE LOOKED *EXACTLY* LIKE.. .THOSE PICTURES PAPA HAS OF MANOLETE...

AND THE WAY HE FOUGHT THE BULL.. *EXACTLY* THE WAY PAPA SAYS MANOLETE FOUGHT...

PEOPLE WOULDN'T *BELIEVE* ME IF I TOLD THEM—THEY'D LAUGH AT ME... EVEN MY FRIEND *MIGUEL*..

NEXT MORNING AT THE RANCH...

MY BIGGEST AND BRAVEST BULL, DEAD! OF WHAT?? THE WOODEN SWORD FOUND NEAR HIM?

NOT A *MARK* ON HIM, DON CARLOS...THE WAY THAT THE GROUND IS ALL TORN UP AROUND THE CORRAL, I'D SAY HE HAD A FIT...AND RAN AROUND UNTIL HE DIED OF *EXHAUSTION!*

THE POSITION HE'S LYING IN, ALVARO, LIKE A BULL KILLED IN THE RING BY A **MASTER MATADOR!**

MEANWHILE..

THE WAY HE STOOD IN ONE SPOT-PROUD.. FEARLESS...

BAH! EL CORDOBES AGAIN, JUAN!

NO, PAPA... **MANOLETE**.. OH-ER-I MEAN...

OH, WHAT WOULD YOU KNOW ABOUT THE *MAESTRO,* JUAN? YOU HAD TO *SEE* HIM...

IT IS A MATTER OF RECORD THAT MANOLETE WAS KILLED BY A BULL IN 1947... BUT JUAN ROMERO KNOWS HE FOUGHT ANOTHER FIGHT... LONG AFTER THAT...TO SAVE A BOY'S LIFE.. ... IN THE *TWILIGHT ZONE!*